

HARVESTED IN THE CITY.

GRAIN CAREFULLY WINNOWED BY EVENING WORLD REPORTERS.

The True Story of a Wedding Cake That Little Johnnie Spilled.

A story concerning a bride, a little boy and a wedding cake has just leaked out among a few friends of a certain family over in Brooklyn.

The daughter of a lady known in society was to be married and great preparations were made for the interesting event.

The bride herself mixed the ingredients of the wedding cake and put it in a pan to bake. Not being too sure of her oven, she decided to have the cake baked in a regular baker's shop several blocks distant.

The bride had a brother, an accompanist, a little chap, and when she asked him if he would carry the pan to the baker's, he consented.

The precious load was placed in Johnnie's little wagon, and he started off to fulfill his mission. He pulled the wagon along, carefully lifting it over the crosswalks, and got along immensely until he turned a corner. Then he got into trouble.

When he turned into a side street he made too sharp a cut, the wagon flopped over and out went the uncooked cake, spreading all over the sidewalk. The boy began to cry and his sob attracted the attention of a tender-hearted groceryman, who, seeing the nature of the trouble, went to his coal-box, and taking out a piece of paper and then scooped the cake-dough from the stones and deposited it in the pan.

He then wiped off the edges of the pan and Johnnie continued on in due time the wedding was held, and everybody carried away a souvenir of the occasion. Every member of the family complimented the bride upon her culinary achievement, and all agreed that the baker had done his work well.

It was not until the head of the house happened to step into the grocery, some weeks later, that the story came out, and when it did Johnnie was questioned. The family then went into solemn convulsions and concluded to hush up the matter and not let it go any further.

A Snubbing Woman's Little Game Tried Too Often.

It was about dusk, and two ladies who had finished an afternoon's shopping tour were slowly walking up Sixth avenue to the Eighteenth street elevated station.

At the corner of the street they were accosted by a poorly dressed but seemingly respectable woman who held a slip of paper in her hand.

"Will you please tell me where this lady lives?" I can't read.

The elder of the two ladies took the paper and found it to be the address of some one living in Harlem. She informed the woman where it was, and the latter immediately burst into tears.

"Oh, what am I to do," she moaned. "I cannot walk way up there, and I have not a penny."

The elder lady touched by the woman's evident distress, opened her purse and was about to hand her some money, when her companion suddenly said:

"No, don't give her anything. I was swindled the other night by this same woman."

Like a flash the shabby woman ceased her lamentations and poured out upon the ladies the vilest of abuse. Then she made off up the avenue.

It was a good game, but the perpetrator had tried it on once too often.

But He Did Squal When His Turn Came, for All That.

Among the recent visitors to the Long Island College Hospital was a large and strapping Irish woman, who was leading a small boy of perhaps twelve years by the hand.

This youth was a typical juvenile tough from Touloughville, the indications of action and feature were to be received.

His left jaw was somewhat swollen, while from the manner in which he frequently pressed his hand to the swelling it was evident that he was the patient, and that a toothache was the ailment.

They had been seated a few moments, when a howl from the infant issued from the dental room. The young tough turned a shade paler, and then, as his mother glanced at him, he said:

"Yer won't hear me squal. I'm game, I am."

The boy's number was called a few moments later, and he marched boldly into the operating room, whence a few seconds later a most unearthly howl issued.

The waiting patients exchanged meaning glances, and when he came out holding out his jaw there was a volume of expression in

his words: "Hully smoke! But dat hurt!" No amount of talking could have conveyed a more direct apology for his previous remark than he wouldn't squal.

Two Sparrows and Two Swells Who Drove a Crowd on Broadway.

Two well-dressed men of swishy appearance stopped at the corner of Broadway and Cedar street, and there they remained.

They gazed steadily upward towards the eaves of the tall buildings in front of them. People passing, seeing them eye the upper regions so earnestly, also stopped to see what they were looking at, and some anxious individuals rushed across from the opposite side of the street that they might not miss any part of the excitement, whatever it might be.

Some three or four hundred people were gazing intently skyward—at what?

Two sparrows, intent on domestic comfort, were building a nest in a convenient crevice, totally oblivious to the commotion they had created below.

The two well-dressed men smiled as a policeman dispersed the mob.

Father John M. Grady's Death.

Rev. Father John M. Grady, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Mercy in Portchester, died yesterday at the parsonage of St. Cecilia's Church, 123 East One Hundred and Fifth street, after an illness of four weeks with typhoid fever.

Father Grady was a brother of ex-Senator Thos. F. Grady, and was nearly prostrated by the latter's matrimonial episode with Miss Mary Irwin, the actress, about a year ago. He never quite recovered his equilibrium thereafter.

The dead priest would have been thirty-eight years of age on March 13 next. He was a student in Manhattan College, Fordham, graduating in 1869. In 1871 he received the degree of Master of Arts from the same alma mater. In 1873 he received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity from the same institution.

He was ordained to the Catholic priesthood in 1874, and in 1875 he was appointed assistant pastor of the Church of the Annunciation in this city, remaining up to February, 1887, when he was charged with the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Portchester.

Santa Claus Visits the Dime Museum.

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TO DOWN AN ENGLISHMAN.

JACK MAULIFFE WILL ESSAY IT AT WILLIAMSBURG TO-NIGHT.

Jack Hyams to Meet the Brooklyn Boy for the First Time—John L. Expected in Town at the End of This Week for Further Arrangements with Kilrain—John Kelly Makes a Denial.

The ten-round glove contest between Jack Maulliffe, the champion of light-weights, and Jack Hyams, the English champion, which has excited such a lively interest in sporting circles for several weeks past, will take place to-night in Palace Hall, Williamsburg. An international contest is always interesting, and this one promises to be unusually so on account of the prominence of the contestants. Both men have been tested, but all we really know of Hyams' merits as a pugilist is what we derive from the enthusiasm of his friends and the good opinions of him expressed by the English press. Maulliffe's achievements are well known and will insure a pretty display of skill on the part of the Brooklyn lad. There will be several bouts with gloves before Maulliffe and Hyams are announced, and they will begin at 9 o'clock and be over by 10, when the event of the evening will take place. The management has assured every one that there will be no delay in carrying out the programme. William O'Brien agrees to break the record for despatch, which will be very agreeable to those who have experienced delays.

John L. Sullivan is expected in this town the latter part of this week, and the outcome of his visit will be watched closely by those who bear his match with Kilrain any concern. It is expected that Sullivan will take some time towards meeting Kilrain's representatives to decide where and when they shall meet to make their final arrangements for their match—devised another \$5,000 each, decide upon a referee and a date and place for fighting. It has been said that John will be satisfied with Al Smith for referee, who would be agreeable to Kilrain, but this is not known to a certainty. Jimmy Waddy, one of Sullivan's backers, said last evening that about the only thing John will insist upon will be time in which to bring himself into good fighting condition. Sullivan will probably attend Mike Donovan's tournament Friday evening, but whether he will act in the capacity of master of ceremonies or not is a doubtful matter. Occasionally in the past, and will not be likely to relish it if the big fellow goes back on him now. Still, John knows his own business, and will do as he thinks best.

When Sullivan's benefit in this city comes off, young McAnany, the plucky light-weight of Pennsylvania, will put in a bid to spar with him, and will do as he thinks best.

It is said by the Manhattanites that Connelly, their crack pugilist, did not train for the match with Madison Square Garden Dec. 15, and was in no condition to run in the races in which he was entered.

Mike Kelly made a hit as the 'Tough in "The Tin Soldier," at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

The bookmakers will have a billiard tournament in the Tremont Club on Wednesday, December 27th, beginning Jan. 14. The players and handicaps were agreed upon Monday evening, and are as follows: J. S. Reeves, 70; Charles Davis, 150; W. Keyes, 120; Al Smith, 120; M. Corbett, 102. The game will be cushion caroms, and will probably occupy a few evenings for a week. A pile of money will be awarded to the winner, who will be Joe McCann, the great sport of Ireland who was mentioned in this column recently, starts for his Irish dominions to-day. He has been in Connecticut after a good time here, but says he did not shoot off his gun.

Young Jockey Charley Oesler, who was injured at Guttenberg, is doing as well as can be expected, considering that he is suffering from a compound fracture of the leg. He has been given a private room at the Roosevelt Hospital where his valet is in constant attendance on him. He is also receiving visits from his friends, and will be able to leave the hospital, and when he does he will be lame.

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From Colorado.

PLATEVILLE, W. Col., Oct. 21, 1887.

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ILL LUCK AFTER GILBERT.

BRANTINGHAME HALL HASN'T PROVED A SUCCESS.

Lillian Russell to Receive \$5000 a Week from Rudolph Aronson—Brosnan Howard's European Trip—Louis Aldrich Getting Lots of Pat—Miss Sadie Martinot and "Mamma" Great Theatre-goers.

W. S. Gilbert seems to be suffering from a streak of ill luck. He would probably say that the failure of "The Yeomen of the Guard" in this city affected him very little; but Gilbert is sensitive, as everybody knows. His "Brantingham Hall," which has been produced at the St. James Theatre, London, by Rutland Barrington, from advice just received in this city, appears to have been most unfortunate. Mr. Barrington offended many members of the London press by asking their criticisms on the second instead of the first night, on the ground that Miss Neilson was too nervous. Then Mr. Barrington seems to have further erred by giving a special matinee for the press. "Whether Barrington is to blame for his present abject move," says an indignant writer, "or whether he is in the hands of some higher power which has taken the St. James under its protection, matters not. Barrington will give up the hopeless task of tinkering with Gilbert's play."

Miss Lillian Russell, it is positively asserted, will receive \$5000 per week from Rudolph Aronson. This is said to be the largest salary ever paid to a comic opera singer.

Brosnan Howard's coming trip to England is not to be wholly devoted to pleasure. He goes to London to place "The Henrietta" and "Shenandoah." Howard's reputation in England is excellent. His "Banker's Daughter" and "Saratoga," which were both very favorably received.

Frank Sanger of the Broadway Theatre, has been very ill at the Vendome Hotel. On Monday night his friends were not allowed to see him. Mr. Sanger's indisposition came on suddenly. It was due to heart trouble.

Look at the tendency of the drama to-day. (No. 1) Jacob Litt, who runs a melodrama called "The Stowaway," has just received a telegram from Cincinnati, where the piece has been played, saying that the two "real burglars" in the cast made an immense hit, and were called twice before the curtain.

(No. 2) Kelly, the baseball player, "knocked out" a fellow player, who was called "A Tin Soldier" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre Monday night.

Louis Aldrich is, to use a theatrical expression, getting all the "fat" from the movement to protect his brethren that he has such clever managerial judgment, started. Five hundred actors are yelling and screaming throughout the country for Aldrich and calling him their friend. Mr. Aldrich is quietly, but successfully being booked.

Miss Sadie Martinot and dear mamma do a good deal of theatre-going nowadays. Monday night mother and daughter went to see performance of Mrs. Potter in "Twist and Crown." Miss Martinot was daintily flamboyant in a delicious little verdant bonnet. Mamma was discreetly clad in black.

Coquelin has made a big hit in San Francisco. In fact, his success there is said to be greater than it has been in other American cities. New York excepted.

Fred Leslie, it is positively said, has not signed with the Casino. He was sought after, but that is all.

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